

The Pensacola Journal

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PENSACOLA, FLORIDA, WEDNESDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 1, 1905

The Pensacola Journal is on sale at the following places in the city:

- Bay Hotel.
- Co's Book Store.
- Depot News Stand.
- Gem Book Store.
- Merchants Hotel.
- Southern Hotel.
- Thompson's Book Store.
- Wagon Ice Cream Parlor.
- Waggoner News Stand.
- Walker's Book Store.

"Rules of the Road" on the Mississippi.

The New Orleans Picayune of yesterday, in an article headed "The Rules of the Road for Ships" attempts an explanation of the accident to the vessel conveying President Roosevelt from the Crescent City to the mouth of the Mississippi, where the cruiser West Virginia awaited his arrival, which, instead of explaining the trouble in a reasonable and satisfactory manner, is about the poorest advertisement for the marine advantages of New Orleans that could be perpetrated. After vaguely discussing the rules and regulations governing vessels upon the seas, the lakes and the treacherous Mississippi river at considerable length, the Picayune says:

There are few risks to navigation in the Mississippi below New Orleans, but there is always a powerful current, hence it is important to know where the safe, slack water is to be found for upgoing vessels, as well as to know where the current runs fair, so that deep-laden vessels outward bound can be kept off shoals. The vagaries of the current and the importance of taking advantage of eddies and slack water in shortening the run up stream from sea make it impracticable to establish a rule that all vessels should keep to the right or west bank, going down and to the left or east bank coming up. As the slack water or eddies change from one side to the other, according to the curves of the river, upgoing vessels naturally pass from one side to the other, while vessels going down stream do not always keep in the middle of the river, because the best water does not always run that way. It will thus be seen that there is a necessity for the greatest care to avoid the possibility of a collision.

The downgoing vessel is commonly conceded the right of way, because with a heavy current pushing her along she is less manageable than the upcoming vessel, yet the custom is for the upgoing ship to blow her whistle first. The rule requires that whistles should be blown when the vessels are a half mile apart. That is none too great a distance with a swiftly running current, such as is usually encountered in the river. The rapidity with which vessels approach makes it important that no mistake in whistle signals should occur, and what is known as cross signals, strictly forbidden by law, are uncommonly dangerous in the Mississippi river, because the inability of the downgoing vessel to check her speed promptly makes a misunderstanding of signals extremely dangerous.

Comment upon the above is unnecessary as the article, in itself, is about as hard a "knock" as the "seaport" of New Orleans has ever received. One hundred and forty miles of such "vagaries" ought to be sufficient to satisfy the most enthusiastic deep water mariner in the universe.

Uncle Joe Cannon had better begin to train for the fight that will occur in congress when the tariff measure comes up—if it does.

Teddy must have been tickled nearly to death when the West Virginia ran into that storm. It was so strenuous, you know.

Nothing modest about Secretary Taft. He appears to have appropriated the cruiser Columbia for his private yacht.

It would not be a hard matter to guess how much Uncle Russell Sage gave up to the campaign fund collectors.

The Tampa Herald says: The whole state of Florida will rejoice with Pensacola in the passing of the fever

er epidemic there—if it may be called an epidemic. Pensacola is a city of which the entire state is proud to have within its limits because of its people and its institutions, and to know that it is again resuming its normal conditions is indeed gratifying to every patriotic citizen of the state.

VOX POPULI

A JOURNAL PUZZLER VISITING IN ALABAMA

Geneva, Ala. Oct. 30, 1905.
Editor Pensacola Journal.

I thought I would write you about our trip. We had a fine time in Nashville. There are so many street cars there and every line is a belt or loop line and every car goes through the transfer station every trip. We visited the parks, penitentiary, blind institute, historical museum and Carnegie library.

We are now enjoying life on a farm and do not take time to get the puzzles. We ride horses, back, go to mill, pick cotton, chew cane and now we are preparing the cane to grind.

The greatest event to us was riding on top of a big load of cotton to the gin and waiting all day (without any dinner) for the cotton to be ginned.

I hope the fever will soon be over so we can come home. We all are anxious to see the Journal every day and glad to see the list of new cases is growing smaller.

My uncle Henry Yarbrough's farm is one and one-quarter miles from Geneva. Geneva is laying pipes for water all over town to be supplied from a fine artesian well. A guano factory is almost ready to begin work.

The Baptists have a very pretty brick church. The Presbyterians are expecting their new pastor from Virginia soon.

Dudley Barrow will return to Pensacola as soon as it is safe to do so. He left for Atlanta today to visit his friend, Mr. Ellis Adams and his cousin, Mr. W. Y. Gentry. Hoping all the force are well, your little friend.

PEBBLEY BARROW.

SHONTS, TAFT, AND THE PANAMA CANAL

Memphis Commercial-Appeal

President Theodore Shonts of the Panama Canal Commission denies that he has, in any way, attempted to remove War Secretary Taft from between him and direct communication with President Roosevelt. Doubtless the recent absence of the Secretary on his Philippine trip and the degree of independent consultation with the President on Panama affairs enjoyed by Mr. Shonts during this absence gave rise to the rumor.

When the bars are once let down it is almost impossible to overreach them when they are again erected. Mr. Shonts' friends and enemies, too, led by dissimilar roads, reached pretty much the same goal. The former were inclined to think that the Panama Commission, possessing the President's ear for a considerable length of time, would so impress the Chief Executive with his personality and capacity as to justify a demand for the elimination of the Secretary of War in future operations in Panama.

Mr. Shonts' enemies doubtless hoped he had contracted the "swelled head" and would tackle the portly and able Secretary because of the disease.

For the sake of the canal we note the thoroughness of Mr. Shonts' denial of any and all friction between him and Secretary Taft with some satisfaction. The work on this big ditch and the very weak, almost abortive management that has marked canal affairs in the past gives little enough encouragement to the public. If it should be added official friction between two men high in authority and of very positive views there would certainly be an end to the undertaking so far as any definite result, except that of spending of money, is concerned.

Already this canal has cost the United States a sacrifice of both money and political honor, and the ridiculous and costly inactivity of the last three years is beginning to excite a species of grim sarcasm from other nations. Besides the millions going to the little republic, positively fleeced from Columbia for the special purpose of selling this county the canal zone, the Panama Commission has expended \$4,000,000 and three years' time to find out that it doesn't know whether to

build a sea level or a lock and dam canal. This isn't a record calculated to give hope to the people, but it is one which should make officials doubly careful before they mix matters further by personal wrangles.

AN ATLANTA TRIBUTE TO HON. W. E. LAMAR

Atlanta News.

Hon. William B. Lamar, congressman from the Third Florida District, passed through Atlanta today on his way to his home in Monticello.

General Lamar has been for a month or more in Washington looking after the interests of his constituents in the departments of pensions, post roads, rural deliveries, and rivers and harbors. He will go with Mrs. Lamar direct to Monticello and from there this brilliant and handsome pair will make a tour of the Third District, to come in contact with the people whom General Lamar so ably represents.

No new member of the federal congress from the South has so quickly and permanently won the confidence and respect of the house than the gallant congressman from Florida. His dignity, ability and courage have strongly impressed themselves upon the counsels of his party, and he is fully recognized as one of the strong men of the Democratic side in congress.

General and Mrs. Lamar will probably spend a day or two in Atlanta on their return to Washington.

IN A TARTAR RESTAURANT.

Odd Display of Etiquette That Must Precede the Meal.

Two French missionaries, Fathers Huc and Gabet, who went through China to Tibet over half a century ago, discovered on the way—or perhaps, being French, they knew before they started—that the easiest way to go through a strange country peacefully is to conform to all its customs and confine one's expressions of amazement to the quiet of one's own room. They observed closely and followed the lead of their neighbors and made copious notes on everything.

"When we entered the great market town of Tolon Noor (Seven Lakes)," they wrote, "we knew not where to take up our abode. We wandered about for a long time in a labyrinth of narrow, tortuous streets incumbered with men and animals.

"At last we found an inn. We unloaded our dromedaries, deposited the baggage in a small room, foddered the animals, and then, having affixed to the door of the room a small padlock which the landlord had given us, we sallied forth in quest of dinner.

"A triangular flag floating before a house in the next street indicated to our joyful hearts an eating house. A long passage led us into a spacious apartment, in which were symmetrical set forth a number of little tables. When we had seated ourselves at one of the tables a teapot, the inevitable prelude in these countries to every meal, was set before each of us. You must swallow infinite tea, and that boiling hot, before they will consent to bring you anything else.

"At last, when they see you thus occupied, the comptroller of the table pays you his official visit, a person of immensely elegant manners and ceaseless volubility of tongue, who after entertaining you with his views on the affairs of the world in general and in each country in particular concludes by announcing what there is to eat and requesting your judgment thereon.

"You mention the dishes you desire, he repeats their names in a measured chant for the information of the governor of the pot. Your dinner is served with admirable promptitude, but before you commence the meal etiquette requires that you rise from your seat and invite all the other company to partake.

"Come," you say, with an engaging gesture, "come, my friends; come and drink a glass of wine with me; come and eat a plate of rice."

"No, thank you," replies everybody in the room. "Do you rather come and seat yourself at my table. It is I who invite you."

"By this ceremony you have manifested your honor," as the saying is, and you may now sit down and eat in comfort, your character as a gentleman thoroughly established.

"When you rise to depart the comptroller of the table again appears. As you cross the apartment with him he chants over again the names of the dishes you have had, this time appending the prices and terminating with the sum total, announced with especial emphasis. Then, proceeding to the counter, you deposit the amount in the money box."—Youth's Companion.

A Plea For Small Attention.

If men only knew how much their wives appreciate the little attentions that they consider too small to think about there would be more of the courtesies that marked the antientural period manifested in the everyday routine life that comes after marriage.

A man when he has succeeded in winning a woman easily lays aside all those delightful little ways that, if he only knew it, did so much to captivate her and with the air of a man who has run after a street car he settles down and reads his paper without having an idea that she is eating her heart out because of the absence of those trifling attentions that mean so much to her.

Listen, all ye men, to a wife who knows how much woman's nature is alike and how happy we all become over little kindnesses which may not in your eyes be worth considering, but which to us speak of a sentiment that has not died out in marriage and a polite regard for the wife that is as great as that shown the fiancée.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE

Is Publicity's Elemental Law. A very wise writer once wrote this true and important observation on human nature: "No one is ever satisfied with the state of his fortunes, nor dissatisfied with the state of his intellect or understanding."

This truth sums up the chief reasons for human shortsightedness, for the balance scales of human enterprises, for the long list of "it might have been" in business life.

You know a merchant, don't you, who is sorely disappointed with the results of his advertising, yet quite satisfied with the quality of it? The quantity of it, the quantity of it, the human interest of it, the media used?

Such an advertiser illustrates the above adage in action—the man dissatisfied with a result, but entirely satisfied with its cause.

In the use of publicity there are some elemental laws, the observance of which is as important as in electricity. An electrician knows there are some laws he cannot safely disregard. This is just as true of the man who would "do things" with publicity—a force hardly easier to understand, nor a whit safer to "fool with," than electricity itself.

Publicity gives to the advertiser "measure for measure"—for the store, that is too small or too languid is measured in return a "losing day" at the store—a definite effect of a definite cause. And by the same token an adequate store advertisement, forceful and persuasive, and rightly placed, measures back to the merchant results in kind. It is the law.

OLD TIME MANNERS.

The Exaggerated Courtesy of the Eighteenth Century.

In Social England the exaggerated courtesy of fashionable people early in the eighteenth century: "Chesterfield teaches that it is boorish to congratulate a friend on his approaching marriage with merely 'I wish you joy,' where he should have said, 'Believe me, my dear sir, I have scarce words to express the joy I feel upon your happy alliance with such and such a family.' The compliment of condolence on a bereavement should not be, 'I am sorry for your loss,' but 'I hope, sir, you will do me the justice to be persuaded that I am not insensible of your unhappiness, that I take part in your distress and shall ever be affected when you are so.' His child began his lessons in 'breeding' at nine years old, having till then learned Latin, Greek, French, history and geography. He is warned to beware of using proverbial sayings in his speech, such as 'One man's meat is another's poison,' or 'Every one to his taste,' as the good man said when he kissed his cow. He must attend to the graceful motion of his arms, the manner of putting on his hat and giving his hand. Horace Walpole's entrance into a room is described by an eyewitness as 'in the style of affected delicacy which fashion had made almost natural, chapeau bras between his hands, as if he wished to compress it, or under his arm, and feet on tiptoes, as if afraid of a wet floor.'

Miss Sing Like Canaries.

A resident of London writes as follows about singing mice: "We had never heard of their existence until we arrived from the continent and went into lodgings in an old house just off Oxford circus. The first night we were awakened by loud singing, as of a number of birds, and our first impression was that some one kept nightingales in cages. The next morning the landlady informed us they were singing mice we had heard. When we clapped our hands we could hear the mice running away in the walls, and when all was still they began their concert. It was not squeaking or chirping, but sustained singing, as of canaries in a cage."

The Journal Printed During September, 1905, a Total of

136,450 COPIES
or an average of 5,248 DAILY

The following figures show The Pensacola Journal's circulation for each day during the month of September, 1905, with the average number of copies daily:

Sept. 1, 5,000	Sept. 16, 5,300
Sept. 2, 5,000	Sept. 17, 5,550
Sept. 3, 5,200	Sept. 18, 5,300
Sept. 4, 5,000	Sept. 19, 5,300
Sept. 5, 5,000	Sept. 20, 5,300
Sept. 6, 5,000	Sept. 21, 5,225
Sept. 7, 5,200	Sept. 22, 5,225
Sept. 8, 5,200	Sept. 23, 5,225
Sept. 9, 5,200	Sept. 24, 5,550
Sept. 10, 5,500	Sept. 25, 5,225
Sept. 11, 5,300	Sept. 26, 5,250
Sept. 12, 5,300	Sept. 27, 5,250
Sept. 13, 5,300	Sept. 28, 5,250
Sept. 14, 5,300	Sept. 29, 5,250
Sept. 15, 5,300	Sept. 30, 5,250
Total for the month.....	136,450
Average per day.....	5,248

I hereby certify that the above statement is correct according to the records on file in this office.
FRED A. SWEET,
Circulation Mgr.

ENTIRE BLOCK SWEEP BY FLAMES; NO DECISION IN THE ROCH CASE

(Continued From First Page.)

son building. The fire had been carried through the corridor or hallway of the Brent building to that of the Blount-Watson one and had secured a good lead upon the men. Volunteers with ladders quickly entered the second story of this building and endeavored to save the valuable library of Blount & Blount, and partially succeeded, not coming until the flames had taken such a terrible fury that the men were driven away.

The Wind Grows Stronger.

The fire continued to gain upon the second story. The burning goods house was among the first to reach such a state that no goods could be saved from it. Several terrific explosions occurred, each driving flying glass across the street. For some time previous to the blaze reaching that place workmen were engaged in removing goods from all of the stores, but when the explosion of the powder and cartridges occurred no one would venture near. While a large amount of material of this character had exploded during the time, the heavy explosions were caused the spontaneous combustion, blowing out the big plate glass windows. Later when the blaze reached the portion of the Bruce store the small cartridges began to explode and sounded like galling guns in action.

The Osceola Club.

It seemed to be the point where the fire was mainly centered. The entire upper portion of the store was in a mass of flames. The firemen fought bravely under Chief Bicker and at one time it was feared that two or three of them would either be seriously injured or lose their lives. This was directly after an explosion in the Bruce store. The flames had then reached the roof of the Osceola club and the awning of the building caught fire shutting out several firemen from the ladder on which they had ascended. Marshal Schad, who was on the scene quickly saw the condition of the men and directed streams of water which played on them and the ladder with the result that they were able to leave the burning gallery, although scorched and with their clothing burning. The explosion injured them slightly.

Greek Fruit Store.

The Greek fruit store, adjoining the drug store of Sidney Kahn, was the next to go, sparks falling from above, and it was only a few minutes afterwards that Mr. Kahn's store was in flames. The Forbes Furniture store was next in line, and here the fire raged, the strong wind carrying the blaze up the stairway and feeding rapidly upon the furniture contained in that place. The firemen had a stubborn fight here, and more than once did they have narrow escapes from falling glass and galleries.

The Big Building.

There seemed to be a lull in the fire's southward progress at that time, but it went north, first breaking out on the lower floor of the Blount-Watson building. The flames seemed to break out at once in the offices of the McDavid-Hyer Company, the Gordon & Brown Hardware Co. and Thos. C. Watson Co., and it was only a few minutes before these places were gutted. About this time the flames broke out on every floor of the Blount-Watson building, and it was quickly seen that this building was doomed to destruction.

Persons who were in the building endeavoring to save property were notified to leave the building, as it was becoming dangerous to longer remain there. They quickly left and all turned to saving the property south of the Osceola Club.

A Hard Fight.

Here the firemen fought their hardest. Every line of hose available was strung, every man of the department was on buildings, galleries and at plugs, in an effort to stop the spread of the fire south. The idea of the chief was to stop the fire at the south end of the Osceola Club, and all efforts were centered there. Chief Bicker centered his forces at that point and notwithstanding the strong southerly wind and the big gain of the fire, the men held their own in the hard fight, receiving valuable assistance from citizens who were on the streets and who showed a willingness to help in the work.

Fearful Block Would Go.

For a short time, after the wind began to rise, it was feared that the entire block would go, and some even predicted that the entire business district from Garden street to Intendencia street would be burned. Persons as far south as Intendencia street began moving out their stocks, and the livery stables on that street got their horses and vehicles out upon the streets.

Sparks and pieces of burning timbers, in some instances as large as a hat were falling in all directions, especially at the corner of Romana and Baylen streets, and every moment it was expected that a new fire would break out.

Water Pressure Good.

While the pressure of water was nothing extraordinary when the fire was first discovered, the pressure continued to increase during the course of the big blaze and within thirty minutes the streams coming from the hose seemed to be very strong.

Mobile Assistance.

When news by long distance phone reached Mobile, Chief Price of the Mobile fire department, quickly ran one of his engines out and placed it on a car, preparatory to leaving at a moment's notice. A long distance phone from Mobile notified the Pensacola city officials that the engine with a full crew of men were ready to leave at a moment's notice for Pensacola, should their services be necessary.

No Fatalities. Although numerous narrow escapes were witnessed by spectators during

the course of the fire, there were fortunately no fatalities resulting. There was a great deal of uneasiness especially when the fire was burning in the hardware and sporting goods houses, for fear that a large amount of powder or cartridges might explode. Several of the firemen were slightly burned and injured during the fire fighting, but serious injuries were sustained.

The Insurance.

But little could be learned regarding the amount of insurance carried by those who were burned out, but the following amounts were estimated on the property given:

Brent Building.....	\$40,000
Blount-Watson Building.....	25,000
Gordon Brown Bldg. Co. stock.....	10,000
J. Gueker's Fruit stand.....	1,000
Hannah Bros. Drug store.....	5,000
F. R. Bruce.....	2,000
L. Jacoby.....	5,000

The insurance of the others, E. M. Anderson, C. H. Turner, G. Neri, Osceola Club, and the various offices up stairs in the Brent building and the Blount-Watson building could not be learned.

The fine law library of Blount & Blount, valued at \$30,000 was almost all destroyed only a few of the books being saved.

Thos. C. Watson & Co., saved most of their most valuable records, but all of their office furniture and a large part of their books and records were lost.

The Fire Under Control.

It was 3 o'clock before the fire was got under control, though the place was still burning at 5 o'clock this morning. While the Nori Ice cream stand was more or less damaged, the fire practically stopped with the Osceola Club building, the extreme south part of which was occupied by Laz Jacoby.

A Shower of Sparks.

From the time the flames burst through the roof of the buildings, a perfect shower of sparks rained down upon the buildings to the south, falling as far as Zarragossa street, and it is a miracle almost that the whole tier of blocks from Garden street to the bay did not burn. Had there been any kind of a breeze blowing nothing could possibly have saved that portion of the city.

Horses Were Taken Out.

When the fire began to spread and it was feared that it might sweep the whole tier of blocks down to the custom house, the horses in the livery stables on Intendencia street were all led out to places of safety and were not taken back until the fire was gotten under control.

Walls are Down.

Practically all of the walls of the buildings from Garden street to Nori Ice cream stand, a distance of 500 feet along Palafox street, are down, the most of them falling out into the street. The debris will have to be removed before street car traffic can proceed on that street this morning.

Wicks & Co. Escape.

Wicks & Co., whose plumbing establishment was just at the rear of the Blount-Watson building on Garden street, escaped without damage, although the building got very hot.

Origin of the Fire.

The porters at the Osceola club stated that they left there at about 12:15 a. m., and that they saw no fire in the building when they left. F. B. Bruce said that he was in his store until 9 o'clock and that during the evening some one seemed to be doing a great deal of pounding and packing up stairs and that some of the straw in the rear of his building was carried up stairs, apparently for the purpose of packing something. Who was doing the packing and who carried up the straw could not, however, be learned.

Electric Circuit Cut Out.

At 3:25 o'clock Marshal Schad ordered the electric circuits all cut out, thereby leaving a large part of the city in total darkness. The Journal office's light went out with the rest, and the motor that runs its machinery also stopped. This caused some delay in getting out the paper and a part of the fire report could not be gotten into type for the first edition.

JACOBY WILL FILL ORDERS

Laz Jacoby, whose stock was completely destroyed this morning expects to be ready for business in a new location tomorrow morning, and perhaps this afternoon.

ENJOYED HIS SOUTHERN TRIP

By Associated Press.

Washington, Oct. 31.—President Roosevelt regards his southern trip as ended, as a most enjoyable and profitable experience. Particularly did he enjoy the sea trip and the president expressed himself in most enthusiastic terms regarding the ships, officers and men of the squadron.

ESTIMATE OF COTTON CROP

By Associated Press.

Atlanta, Oct. 31.—The Southern Cotton Association today issued an estimate of the crop for this year, based upon reports from seventeen thousand correspondents throughout the cotton belt, of 8,444,314 bales. It is estimated that 61.8 per cent. of the crop was picked by October 21, and that 54.7 per cent. was ginned by the same date.

THOS. C. WATSON & CO. CAN BE FOUND AT 37 SOUTH PALAFOX STREET.

THE ROCH CASE

Which Was Before Commissioner Coston Yesterday—Decision Expected To-day.

No decision in the Roch fumigation case was rendered yesterday afternoon by Court Commissioner Coston, as was expected. At 5 o'clock the attorneys representing Mr. Roch and the city in the injunction proceedings, were in the office and it was anticipated that a decision would be reached. After some discussion it was decided, however, to defer a decision until to-day, in order that the court might look up some authorities in the matter and that one of the attorneys might be able to amend his answer. It is probable that the decision will be presented this morning.

A CASE OF LUCK.

How the Lack of a Nickel Won a Good Paying Position.

Little Mrs. Tyler sighed as the trolley car whizzed past her. "To think," she mused, "that I should have come to this—this poor to spend 5 cents for car fare! If I could only get more music scholars! Then Bob could have the beefsteak and the fruit he needs—dear, patient Robert!"

Time was when Fredericka Fechner's piano playing had won her many a social triumph, but that was before she had married the penniless Robert Tyler, to begin life anew across the continent. Now that he was sick they had only the pittance her pupils brought her.

Today Mrs. Tyler was very tired. No wonder she had sighed when the car had glided past her, and home was a mile away. Strains of Handel's "Harmonious Blacksmith" drew her inside a music store. Music always rested her. A girl was playing upon a grand piano, and several persons stood about. Mrs. Tyler strolled their way.

One after another took a turn at the instrument. The newcomer was too interested in the playing to question wherefore. Finally a man approached her.

"It is your turn next," he said.

She was about to explain his mistake when the humor of the situation appealed to her, and she was seized with a desire to carry out the joke. Accordingly she took her seat and began Paderewski's "Love Song." She did not know for what she was playing, but she vaguely felt that it was a test of some sort, and she threw her soul into her fingers. When she ended there was a little burst of applause, and "something else" was called for. She responded with Liszt's "Schubert's Serenade" and then with Chopin's "Cradle Song."

A sheet of music was placed before her, and a lady came forward to sing. If there was one thing in which Mrs. Tyler excelled it was in accompaniment, and now she did her best. The face of the man who had invited her to play was one broad smile as he inquired deferentially:

"May I ask whom we have had the honor of hearing? You have distanced them all, my dear madam. The place is easily yours."

Mrs. Tyler looked at him in bewilderment; then she laughed and explained. He explained too.

She had unwittingly taken part in a trial of applicants for the double position of accompanist for a singing master and piano player for the music shop. A salary was named that left the little woman nearly dumb with surprise, so amply it fitted her present needs. She wanted to dance all the way home. Frigine was forgotten.

"I'm glad you didn't ride," remarked Robert Tyler whimsically.

"Oh!" cried his wife, and the exclamation was a thanksgiving.—Youth's Companion.

The Family Tree.

A pleasant pastime, literally, for those who have no more pressing duties and wish to get outside their environment at least in thought will open up before her who begins to mount a family tree. Tracing one's genealogy may become—probably will become—a matter of absorbing amusement and attention, for it entails a thread gathered up here, dropped there, a letter to write, a book to read, a register to consult. To the self absorbed, the despondent, the listless, one may recommend this diversion as certain to suit even rather world conditions of temperament, and yet as certain to gently force the mind away from itself to other persons and things in opening up a wider and wider field of reflection.—Harper's Bazar.

The Pleasure of Old Age.

Free from the distractions of life, the aged are at leisure to observe and admire. "I never knew," said Cornaro, "that the world was beautiful until I reached old age." This period was frequently declared by him to be the most beautiful of his life. Writing at the age of ninety-one, he said that he felt it his duty to make known to the world that man could attain to an earthly paradise after the age of eighty, but only by means of the two virtues